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branches. She feels strongly and thinks strongly where the heart is concerned; she is pure-minded, humble, yet firm in faith, and possesses unbounded wealth of womanly tenderness, sympathy, and sentiment. Miss Muloch's tone of mind is healthy and honest; it is not of that yearning, desolate school, which lady writers generally affect, for although occasionally she views facts through a sentimental medium, her true, honest nature never descends into mere sentimentation. She is very earnest in her expressions, and many bursts of feverish passion would seem to prove that the metal has been through the fire, but the ordeal has served to purify and exalt.

Many of Miss Muloch's early poems achieved a world-wide popularity. Her poems, "Philip my King," "Too Late," "Lettice," "Passion Past," and many others, were quoted in most of the English and American journals, and won for her an enviable reputation as a poet, as she had already gained as a prose writer. Miss Muloch's muse is not prolific; she is a poet of occasions and sudden feelings, and not a poet per force of irresistible outspeaking. Since 1860 she has written but two dozen poems, none of which are of much length, but all of them bearing the impress of a warm heart and cultivated intellect, and a rare refinement of sentiment. This volume of the collected poems of Miss Muloch, contains so many gems of thought and lyrics so rounded and beautiful, that no library of contemporary poets can be considered complete without it.

We quote at random from the volume, two charming poems written by Miss Muloch since 1860:

#### FALLEN IN THE NIGHT.

It dressed itself in green leaves all the summer long,  
Was full of chattering starlings, loud with throats' song.  
Children played beneath it, lovers sat and talked,  
Solitary strollers looked up as they walked.  
O, so fresh its branches! and its old trunk gray  
Was so stately rooted, who forbode decay?  
Even when winds had blown it yellow and almost bare,  
Softly dropped its chestnuts through the misty air;  
Still its few leaves rustled with a faint delight,  
And their tender colors charmed the sense of sight,  
Filled the soul with beauty, and the heart with peace,  
Like sweet sounds departing—sweetest when they cease.

Pelting, undermining, loosening, came the rain;  
Through its topmost branches roared the hurricane;  
Oft it strained and shivered till the night wore past;  
But in dusky daylight there the tree stood fast,  
Though its birds had left it, and its leaves were dead,  
And its blossoms faded, and its fruit all shed.

Ay, and when last sunset came a wanderer by,  
Watched it as aforetime with a musing eye,  
Still it wore its scant robes so pathetic gay,  
Caught the sun's last glimmer, the new moon's first ray;

And majestic, patient, stood amidst its peers  
Waiting for the spring-time of uncounted years.

But the worm was busy, and the days were run;  
Of its hundred sunsets this was the last one;  
So in quiet midnight, with no eye to see,  
None to harm in falling, fell the noble tree!

Says the early laborer, starting at the sight  
With a sleepy wonder; "Fallen in the night!"  
Says the schoolboy, leaping in a wild delight  
Over trunk and branches, "Fallen in the night!"

O thou Tree, thou glory of His hand who made  
Nothing ever vainly, thou hast Him obeyed!  
Lived thy life, and perished when and how He  
willed;—

Be all lamentation and all murmurs stilled.  
To our last hour live we—fruitful, brave, upright,  
'T will be a good ending, "Fallen in the night!"

#### YEAR AFTER YEAR:

##### A LOVE SONG.

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,  
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,  
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,  
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we  
were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,  
Or field-flowers' blossoming above the wintry  
mould;

Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,  
Love we with love's own youth, that never can  
grow old.

Sweetheart and lady-love, queen of boyish pas-  
sion,

Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun;  
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different  
fashion,  
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we never love  
but one.

Dearest, and bonniest! though blanched those  
curling tresses,  
Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that  
thin hand of thine,—  
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!  
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed  
mine!

So let the world go round with all its sighs and  
sinning,  
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er  
pleasures past:

That which it calls love's end to us was love's  
beginning:—

I clasp my arms about thy neck and love thee  
to the last."

(From the New York Tribune.)

#### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

##### FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

The forty-first exhibition of the Academy is almost over. We only record the general verdict when we write that, for several years, there has been no exhibition to which the public had so good a right to be indifferent as the one which will close on the morning of the Fourth of July. "Indifferent"—that word expresses exactly the popular feeling. The collection has not been so positively bad as to excite indignation or disgust; it has not so ministered, as so often in times past, to the popular sense of the ridiculous, and kept the newspaper writers bantering, and the public laughing; and on the other hand, there has been no half-dozen of pictures—no single pictures, even—whose strength of execution, or depth of purpose, or youthful promise has drawn all eyes and made shortcomings, and offences forgotten. We shall,

perhaps, find it worth while to mention a half-dozen canvasses which prevent us from crying "all is barren;" but we do not think there are more than three which can be called "excellent." At the very start we will name those that seem to us to deserve this praise, and we have little doubt that our verdict will be that of the majority of those who have gone carefully over the whole collection, and have been as unbiased in their judgment by any personal consideration as we have been.

These three pictures are—Mr. Well's "Gun Foundry," Eastman Johnson's "Fiddling his Way," and Mr. Homer's "Prisoners from the Front." We should like to see these pictures in the great French Exhibition of 1867.

At the first blush the Exhibition seemed to us superior, in some respects, to its immediate predecessors. It certainly was pleasant to go from room to room and not once be reminded of certain painters whose works have never before been so conspicuously absent—painters who, though happily few in number, have somehow given an air of vulgarity to every exhibition of which they have formed a part. We do not need to mention their names. We should, indeed, be glad if they would never give us occasion to speak of them again. We should be glad if they could, evermore, act as if fully convinced that their day has gone by; that, although they, doubtless, have admirers left, yet they are not of a class to make a man proud of their applause; that the cultured American public has quite outgrown them; and that, henceforth, they must be content with the laurels that the public gave them in its saled days when it was green in judgment; for they will never get another twig, nor even a leaf or berry.

And the absence of painters, if not of greater pretension, at least of pretension more widely acknowledged, is also no detriment in our eye to the exhibition. We breathed a little freer when we found ourselves in a gallery that had not surrendered its best positions to travesties of history, or to caricatures of our sublimest scenery. The reason for this deliverance is still obscure, but it may be hoped, we understand, that it is permanent, and that we have seen the last of the melodramatists, as of the mountebanks.

Still, we confess, with pain, that this is merely negative satisfaction. These disagreeables are, indeed, removed, or have removed themselves; but we look in vain for better things to take their places. Whatever cause may have operated in their case to rid us of what we are glad to lose, some cause has also operated with others whom the public cannot so well afford to miss. There are Vedder, and La Farge, and C. C. Coleman, and Griswold; and there are Farrer, and Moore; and the Hills. All these are absent, or have sent works that in no way represent them. There seems, on all sides, a lack of interest, a lack of ambition; there is an apparent disaffection that looks almost like a wish to injure.

We shall not be suspected of any undue partiality for the Academy, if we say that we regret the attitude, which so many men of importance have taken toward it of late. We know very well that it was to be expected; we will believe that the Academy, as an institution, has won little affection; but then, it is after all only an institution, and capable of a certain amount of usefulness, and it seems to us that it would have been wise to have striven to remodel rather than to destroy; wiser to have tried to seize, than to have

tamely deserted. It is true that the Academy has been governed in a narrow and selfish spirit; but all Academies are so governed, as a general thing, and if this one cannot be entirely freed from the academic spirit, at least it is not impossible to control that spirit by higher and broader influences.

Everybody knows that it is as close a copy of the English Royal Academy as Radical differences in the social arrangements of the two countries will admit. It is a close corporation of members who arrogate certain privileges to themselves, and arbitrarily bestow them, or deny them, to other artists. The Royal Academy was founded at a time when English art was at its finest, and the character of the men who composed it, and who undertook to rule it, was such that they seemed to rule by natural right. Now, the case is widely different. The Royal Academy has degenerated as ours has, and complaints are as rife there as here, but it must be remembered that it has degenerated from a higher point.

But the officers of academies, like those of England and New York—for, in spite of its name, ours has never succeeded in acquiring a national character—are none the worse for not being great artists, or even for not being the best the country can show. To be sure, if the aim of these institutions were exclusively art, there might be some reason for being more particular. But where the aim is not the advancement of art exclusively, but rather the pecuniary advancements of the artists, and the achieving for them a certain social distinction, we really see no reason why we should insist upon having the best artists for officers. There are men much better suited for kid gloves, and favors, and presiding at receptions and suppers, and toadying to rich men, than hard-working, thoughtful, high-minted artists, who—if they are really worthy of the name—have neither time nor disposition for any of these maneuvers of society.

But this is not the place to investigate the weakness of the Academy, nor to air our notions of the way it should go about to build itself up. In brief, however, what is wanted is a democratic government for it. There is no use turning out Mr. This or Mr. That from his official chair, nor for talking about liberality, and a general abandonment of narrow-minded doctrines, and imbecile measures. The right of every artist to vote for officers, the election of new officers every year, in which election Miss Granberry and Miss McDonald should have as good a right a vote as Mr. Huntington or Mr. Kensett, the choosing by the whole body of artists, men and women alike, of a committee of judgments every year, and of a hanging committee, these measures might do something toward making the Academy a living institution. But, we may as well confess that we are very faint-hearted about the success of any Academy, however constituted. We believe that the best way for artists to work is in privacy and solitude. There ought to be a room well warmed and lighted, supported by a common fund, in an accessible place, always open to the public, without charge, where every artist could send his pictures as he finished them, and where persons appointed for the purpose could attend to their sale. But this is a long way off, and perhaps Utopian; nevertheless, we believe in it.

We confess that we are disappointed this year by the absence of a half dozen men, in whom we, in common with a large public, feel a strong interest. Vedder must needs go to Europe, where

he will get nothing but harm, and leave nothing behind him but a poor repetition of a much better earlier picture, and a landscape in which there is very little that another could not have done as well as he. There is La Farge, too, who, if he did not send anything because he is too ill to paint, will, at least, let us wish cordially that he were well again, because he has more in him than ill health and France will let appear. And Mr. C. C. Coleman, who is capable of excellent work, should not have sent in his "Battery Reno," although the sending it is not so reprehensible as the painting it. And Mr. Griswold, has he lost all interest in his art, all power to work, that he cannot climb still higher than he planted his foot in '64 and '65. And Mr. Farrer, why not have sent his "Fruit" of last summer, and his "Arbutus" of this spring, to the Academy, and let them snub them if they dared? If he believes the people are misled, why run and whisper it in the elegant seclusion of Mr. Knodler's Gallery? The people will never hear him there, nor see him; whereas he would have gained all that his pictures of last year lost him, if he had put his "Fruit" and his "Arbutus" where the people that laughed at his "April" and his "Breakfast Table" could have been allowed to applaud, and linger over them.

And Mr. Moore, in whom, perhaps, a livelier interest has been shown by the more thoughtful portion of the public than in any of the new men—how can we forgive him for joining the defection? He owed us something, and we are disposed to be harsh creditors. No doubt his modesty would persuade him that he is not missed; but earnestness, and delicacy, and skill, are always missed; and we find it hard to believe that Mr. Moore does not enjoy the public enjoyment of his later work, does not feel happy in the quick recognition it received.

As for the Hills, they think, no doubt, that they are doing their duty in shutting up their work to as small and select a circle as possible. Much good may their small, select circle do them! Growth only comes from mingling with the world, and there never was the man lived who could afford to live without his fellows. It is a blunder whose consequences may be fatal, to think that any small circle of cultivated men is a sufficient audience. 'Tis rude to say it; but, for a man's real growth, he had better be in the habit of showing his work to the boys in Mr. Brace's Lodging-house than in any parlor in the land. Of course, neither lodging-house nor parlor would be good exclusively. Still, if it must be either, exclusively, let him choose the Lodging-house. There he would get well snubbed, and criticised, and picked to pieces. At least, he might be secure of honest, healthy, unbittered truth, and learn to know on what foundation he is building. It will not be easily possible for any one to have a more genuine respect for Mr. Hill, senior, than we, or more pleasure in John Henry Hill's work, but we think that they, in common with Farrer and Moore, and others we have named, are much to blame for the failure of the Academy, or, at least, that they are so far to blame as they have withdrawn their influence from it. They ought to have compelled the Academy to accept their pictures and hang them well. If they throw the blame upon the Academy, then we charge them with hiding their light under a bushel, and with doing it in pride of heart, as thinking that the people are incapable of understanding their work. Pray, proud gentlemen, does not the good God let his lilies grow for all of us, as well for

those who trample them under foot, as for those who gather them for his altar? And when, because men sin beneath them, and use their light to show the way to dens of death, he shall put out his stars in the heavens, and shall crush his roses in his wrath because they are gathered into nosegays for the bosoms of wantons, then will be time for you to show your pride in your little labor, and scout us for our blindness, and refuse to let us see the fruits of the talents which were not given you to hide.

#### DRAMATIC REVIEW.

The horizon theatric settled down to the traditional summer haze last week, and but few novelties were presented at the different theatres. "The Colleen Bawn" was revived at Wallack's in a rather ineffective manner. Mr. Bryant sustaining the part of Myles Na Coppaleen, and Miss Rosa Cooke that of the Colleen Bawn. Mr. Bryant's Myles is a creditable performance, but hardly equal to that of Mr. Bourcicault in the same character. Miss Rosa Cooke shows evident signs of improvement in the part of Ely; it is by all odds the best piece of acting that she has yet given us. I was sorry to see a great want of rehearsal on the part of the orchestra on the first evening of the performance, some of Miss Cooke's sweetest songs being utterly spoiled by bad accompaniment. Mr. Floyd made his appearance as Danny Mann and won considerable applause in the personation; the gentleman, however, introduces too much low comedy into the part, to make it acceptable to the more critical. The other characters were for the most part weakly played and call for no particular comment either one way or the other.

Mr. Barton Hill made his appearance at Wood's Theatre, on Monday evening of last week, in a new comedy by Oxenford, entitled, "Brother Sam." Mr. Chanfrau has somewhat installed Mr. Hill in the "Sam" business, but nevertheless the new "Sam" is decidedly amusing. Mr. Hill is an actor of undoubted ability, and any part he takes hold of is sure of receiving good treatment at his hands. Mr. Hill is supported by Miss Celia Logan, who has greatly improved since her last appearance at the Broadway Theatre, and plays the small part of Alice quite acceptably. This week we are to have "Brother Sam" and the excellent burlesque of "Fra Diavola," introducing the talented Worrell Sisters in the prominent parts.

"Pocahontas" is still on the high tide of success, but is to be withdrawn after this week to give place to Mr. Brougham's magnificent burlesque of "Columbus" which is to be produced on Monday of next week.

The "Sheep's Foot" was withdrawn at the New Bowery last Saturday, and this week we are to have an entirely new programme, introducing the Buislay Family in some of their best gymnastic acts. They are a most perfect set of gymnasts, and will repay one for a visit to the Orient.

Mrs. John Wood's farewell performance on last Saturday evening was the occasion of a perfect ovation. At the conclusion of the performance of the "Loan of a Lover," the lady was called before the curtain, and after being almost smothered in a shower of wreaths and bouquets, was presented with a most beautiful watch, richly encrusted with diamonds and other precious stones. Not satisfied with this, the audience called her before the curtain three times at the end of the clos-